

The Shelby Sentinel.

JOHN T. HEARN, Editor and Manager.

Independent in Politics—Devoted to General News, Literature and Morality.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1866.

NO. 4.

The Shelby Sentinel.

JOHN T. HEARN, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copy, one year in advance, \$2 50
Clubs of six, one copy gratis, 15 00

It is intended to make the **SHELBY SENTINEL** a first-class Family Newspaper, independent of sect or party, devoted to General News, Literature, and Morality. Appreciating the necessity for a Superior Newspaper in this part of Kentucky, we will bend every energy to make the **SENTINEL** acceptable to all classes. To those who have a distaste for partisan strife, our paper will be a welcome guest. In the angry mutterings of discord will be hushed in the endeavor to heal the frightful wounds, which years of war have caused. To sustain our paper, we naturally expect the assistance and co-operation of the people of Shelby. While the local interests of this section will not be neglected, we will aim to advance the general prosperity of the State.

The general interests and welfare of the county can in no better way be advanced than through the medium of a newspaper.

Devoting our attention to all topics of the day, we will freely and independently discuss them. To prevent any misapprehension as to the position which the **SENTINEL** will occupy, we will state that our approval and support will be given to a mild and conciliatory policy, condemning all radical, revolutionary or unjust measures. Believing that this is the only course which will result in permanent prosperity to the country and that these views are such as the people of Kentucky naturally and heartily endorse, we shall uphold and defend them at all times. Firm in the opinion that we can make our paper acceptable, we ask a liberal patronage.

Rates of Advertising.

All advertisements not contracted for by the month, or for a longer period, one dollar per square, (one inch) for the first insertion, fifty cents per square for the second insertion, and twenty-five cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

No "fill" or "fill" advertisements inserted. The time advertisements are to be inserted must be specified.

OUR CONTRACT PRICES ARE:		One week.		One month.		Three months.		Six months.		Twelve months.	
1 square	10 cts	1 square	10 cts	1 square	10 cts	1 square	10 cts	1 square	10 cts	1 square	10 cts
2 squares	20 cts	2 squares	20 cts	2 squares	20 cts	2 squares	20 cts	2 squares	20 cts	2 squares	20 cts
3 squares	30 cts	3 squares	30 cts	3 squares	30 cts	3 squares	30 cts	3 squares	30 cts	3 squares	30 cts
4 squares	40 cts	4 squares	40 cts	4 squares	40 cts	4 squares	40 cts	4 squares	40 cts	4 squares	40 cts
5 squares	50 cts	5 squares	50 cts	5 squares	50 cts	5 squares	50 cts	5 squares	50 cts	5 squares	50 cts
6 squares	60 cts	6 squares	60 cts	6 squares	60 cts	6 squares	60 cts	6 squares	60 cts	6 squares	60 cts
7 squares	70 cts	7 squares	70 cts	7 squares	70 cts	7 squares	70 cts	7 squares	70 cts	7 squares	70 cts
8 squares	80 cts	8 squares	80 cts	8 squares	80 cts	8 squares	80 cts	8 squares	80 cts	8 squares	80 cts
9 squares	90 cts	9 squares	90 cts	9 squares	90 cts	9 squares	90 cts	9 squares	90 cts	9 squares	90 cts
10 squares	1 00	10 squares	1 00	10 squares	1 00	10 squares	1 00	10 squares	1 00	10 squares	1 00
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16 squares	1 60	16 squares	1 60	16 squares	1 60	16 squares	1 60	16 squares	1 60	16 squares	1 60
17 squares	1 70	17 squares	1 70	17 squares	1 70	17 squares	1 70	17 squares	1 70	17 squares	1 70
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19 squares	1 90	19 squares	1 90	19 squares	1 90	19 squares	1 90	19 squares	1 90	19 squares	1 90
20 squares	2 00	20 squares	2 00	20 squares	2 00	20 squares	2 00	20 squares	2 00	20 squares	2 00

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE. For each announcement of a Candidate, or call upon a person to become a Candidate, \$1; and 25 cents per week as long as continued. The money to accompany the announcement or call.

Announcements of Marriages and Deaths published gratis.

Obituary Notices, Tributes of Respect, etc., will be charged fifty cents for each ten lines—the money to accompany the manuscript.

Advertisements under the "Special Notice" head will be charged 50 per cent additional over the above rates.

All transient advertisements, and all advertisements from a distance, cash.

Yearly advertisers have the privilege of altering their advertisements quarterly. More frequent changes, must be contracted for, otherwise they will be charged 20 cents per square for each change.

Advertisements will not be regarded as yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, unless specially contracted for as such; and the privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined to their regular business, and other advertisements not relating to their business as contracted for, to be paid for extra.

Advertisements inserted on a contract will not be discontinued until the expiration of the time contracted for, except by mutual agreement, and the advertiser paying the rates charged for transient advertisements.

All advertisements of public meetings, speaking, fairs, fraternal, etc., and all notices of private enterprises, or to promote private interests, must be paid for. Where the object is manifestly for the public good, or for benevolent purposes, we will pay (by deducting) half the advertising fee.

Regular advertisers, and all others sending communications, or requiring notices designed to call attention to any public entertainment, where charges are made for admittance; all notices of private associations; every notice designed to call attention to private enterprises, or calculated or intended to promote the personal interests of individuals; or that do not possess general interest, will only be inserted on the condition that the same is to be paid for, at the rate of ten cents per line. If inserted in the editorial column, which can be only at the discretion of the editor, the same will be charged, at the rate of not less than twenty cents per line.

JOB-WORK OF ALL KINDS
Executed to order, neatly, and on reasonable terms.

BRICK! BRICK!

HAVING removed my Brick Yard one half mile from the Banner Mills, on the Frankfort Pike, I have now on hand for sale

300,000 of the Best Sand Made Brick, at the lowest cash prices.

Wood and all country produce taken in exchange for Brick.

I will make Brick anywhere in the country, at low cash rates, and can make 250,000 per month.

J. Q. JOHNSON.
June 6th 1866.

Now is Your Chance!

DUNCAN & THOMPSON

INFORM THE PEOPLE OF SHELBY THAT they have a general agency for the sale of **Washing Machines, Churns, etc.** They will visit the people at their homes, and will supply the various machines for which they are agents, at reasonable prices.

June 13, 1866—a 1m.

E. CHOATE. S. RYAN.

CHOATE & RYAN.

Carpenters & Builders,
We invite the public to give us a call, everything in our line attended to with promptness and dispatch. We are also carrying on

WAGON MAKING BUSINESS,
at the stand formerly occupied by JAS. RICKMAN.
All work done at reasonable prices.—a
June 6, 1866.

Business Cards.

Attorneys.

JOHN A. MIDDLETON, JR. WM. STANLEY.
MIDDLETON & STANLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE APPELLATE
Court, Courts of Shelby and adjoining Counties,
June 13, 1866—a 6m.

T. B. & J. B. COCHRAN,
Attorneys at Law,
NO 14 Center Street
LOUISVILLE KY.,

WILL CONTINUE TO PRACTICE IN THE
SHELBY Circuit Court—in partnership with
C. M. HARWOOD. June 6, 1866.

W. C. BULLOCK. J. W. DAVIS.
BULLOCK & DAVIS,
Attorneys at Law,
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF
Shelby, Henry, Oldham and Spencer
Counties. June 6, 1866.

WHEAT & BECKLEY,
Attorneys at Law,
SHELBYVILLE KY.,
June 6, 1866.

FRIZIERS CARPENTER
Attorneys at Law,
Shelbyville Ky.,
June 6, 1866.

C. M. HARWOOD,
Attorney at Law,
SHELBYVILLE KY.,
WILL PRACTICE IN SHELBY AND AD-
JOINING COUNTIES and the Court of Appeals.
June 6, 1866.

Physicians.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. JAMES LOWRY,
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

Office at Thomasson House. a
June 6, 1866.

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. G. J. STIVER'S,
DENTAL OFFICE.
No. 23 Main St.,
Shelbyville, Ky.

June 26, 1866.

Motels.

GENOVLY HOUSE,
(Late Howard House.)
74 Market Street, between Brook and Floyd,
Louisville Ky.,

This House, under its present Proprietor, offers unvalued inducements to both

Transient Guests and Regular Boarders.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.
There is also connected therewith very extensive and excellent

Driving House and Stable Accommodations.

A. GENOVLY, Proprietor.
June 6, 1866. 3 mo.

Insurance.

INSURANCE

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

ETNA—Assets.....\$4,000,000.
HARTFORD—Assets.....\$1,600,000.
PHENIX—Assets.....\$1,000,000.

I REPRESENT THE ABOVE COMPANIES in Shelby County, and if the people want

UNDOUBTED INSURANCE
at fair rates, I will be pleased to wait on them at my Office in the COURT-HOUSE in Shelbyville.

June 13, 1866—a 3m. J. L. CALDWELL.

Grocers.

NEW FIRM.

GORHAM & SCHOOLER,
Wholesale & Retail Grocers,
Main Street between Redding Hotel and Ashland Bank.

CASH PAID FOR WOOD.
SHELBYVILLE, KY.
June 6, 1866.

Selected Poetry.

RECOGNITION.

The following is translated from the German, by John W. Montclair:
There comes a wanderer, staff in hand,
Homeward returning from distant land.
His beard is tangled, his face is brown.
Will they know him again in his native town.
Enraptured he hears the city gate,
Where the toiler of yore is standing wait.
'Twas a youthful comrade, true and fast;
Once many a wine-cup between them passed.
Yet strange the toll gatherer knows him not;
Do beard and sunshine his features blot?
He shakes the dust from his trodden boot:
He turns in silence, with brief salute.
Behold—his true love stands at the door;
'Thou blooming fair one, we come once more!'
But the maid, unconscious, stands unmoved!
She knows not the voice of her once beloved.
He bends his step towards his childhood's home;
To his cheeks so brown the teardrops come.
Near the cot his mother is wending her way;
'God bless thee, beloved!' is all he can say.
The mother—she turns and shouts with joy;
In her arms she is clasping her truant boy.
Though the sun may swart, and the beard may grow,
The mother, the mother her son doth know.

Capital Story.

The Story of a British Reliefing Officer.

One November afternoon, several years ago, I had concluded the distribution of relief for the day, and prepared to go home. It was dark when I left the Union Office to walk to my home, which was about a mile out of the town. The last part of my way lay through a little piece of field, which had an evil character in the neighborhood. The reason I could never exactly learn; but the story went, that in that field, once at least in every year, at night time, there appeared a female figure clothed in white, and that from this apparition there issued sighs and moans most grievous to listen to. I had traversed the field at night hundreds of times, and not a vestige of any female in white had I seen; so I was, of course, an unbeliever in the tale. This evening I had just stepped over the stile, when—I must confess, very much to my amazement—the sound of deep sobbing came distinctly to my ear. I really do not see why I should not own, further, that my heart's action increased a trifle as I peered about to see the cause; and that when, a few yards off, I could perceive a white figure making toward me, I felt an unusual perspiration overspread my forehead.

It was a woman, all in white, too, and crying bitterly.

'Now, Mr. Jones, don't be such an arrogant fool,' said I to myself, and I half turned to retreat. At the same moment down fell the figure on the grass. I went to it. It was no spectre, but a poor woman, evidently very ill, and in great trouble. I elicited from her that she had set out from her cottage, a little distance off, to seek her servant, who had left her some hours before to go into the town. Questioning a little more closely, I discovered that this distressed gentlewoman (for she was evidently above the common rank) was in a state of utter destitution, and that she and her faithful domestic were well-nigh starving. The cottage in which they lived was completely secluded, and they had only been there a month, so that they were quite strangers in the neighborhood. The servant had sallied forth to-day, unknown to her mistress, to obtain relief, having no notion, poor creature, of the inquiry and examination requisite before assistance could be given. I further learned that the sufferer had a husband, who, five weeks before, had sent her, with only a few pounds in her pocket, to this place from London, intimating that he should join her in a month's time.

'Then your are now expecting him?' I said.

'Every day,' was the reply; and as it was given, I staggered as though I had been wounded.

Wounded! Ay, I was wounded. The moon, shining forth suddenly, revealed to me a face not seen for years, but never forgotten—never forgotten—and never will be by me this side of the grave.

Mary Leslie and I had both been born in a village ten miles distant. Suited for each other in every respect, I would have made her my wife, but she refused me. Her parents both died, and, shortly after, she ran away from the guardianship of a very distant relative with the son of a wealthy farmer. The farmer, who was furious, laid all the blame on Mary, and declared her an artful minx, who had inveigled his son. I know better. She was cruelly deceived, and Mark Sedley was a thorough villain.

And this poor face, so ghastly pale, so worn and wasted, was Mary's face.

'Mary!' I gasped.

Then she recognized me in a moment, and with a wild cry threw her arms about me. She told me all. The tale was dreadful, worse even than I expected, and I had been full of misgiving. Such neglect, such cruelty, such fiendish ingenuity in malice, as had been exhibited toward the long-enduring and still loving wife, by her doubled-dyed scoundrel of a husband, I, with all my experience of life, could not have conceived. They had been in the depths of poverty; but either through pride, or an impression of its probable utility, no application had been made to her husband's father for assistance. One day Sedley had, as already stated, ordered her to depart from London for this town,

giving no reason for the strange command, save that he was going a journey in which she could not accompany him, but that in a month's time he would be with her at a place he named. Here, then, Mary had arrived, and had found an abode in a cottage of two rooms, close at hand. Some scraps of furniture she had bought for a few shillings, of the previous occupier. The woman she had with her was an old servant of her father's, whom she had met in London, and who would not leave her in her trouble.

'The scoundrel has deserted her,' I thought. 'Well, better so.'

We reached the miserable dwelling, and Mary having entered, I hastened to the work-house, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Sedley forthwith laden with necessities of various kinds.

I knew the elder Sedley was still living, so the next morning I rode over to the village in which he resided, and told him my painful discovery. He expressed himself very much pleased at the probability of seeing his son.

'A noble fellow, Mr. Jones,' he said, 'with warmth; a manly, upright youth as ever lived. Ah! what might he not have been had he not been ruined by that wretched artful girl!'

It made me mad to hear him speak thus; but it was not wise to quarrel with him.

'However that may be, Sir,' I said, 'she is your son's wife, and I have told you her condition. Something must be done for her.'

'Do you expect me to do any thing for her, Mr. Jones? Now, did you really come ten miles to ask me to help her?'

'Certainly I did. Good Heavens, Mr. Sedley, she was starving—would have starved; had I not met with her! Come and see her.'

'Yes, Mr. Jones, I will. When she's in her coffin you let me know, and I'll come—with pleasure.'

Horried and disgusted, I shrunk from the implacable old brute, and returned home.

It was evening when I reached the Union Office. My assistant was affixing a placard to the notice-board outside.

'Here's a thing that has created a bit of a stir since you have been gone,' he said, and he handed me a copy of the placard.

It announced a highway robbery committed some fifteen miles off, described certain articles stolen, furnished close particulars of the robber, and offered a large reward for his apprehension.

'Not much chance of the rascal's escaping,' remarked Mr. Flack. 'Why, here's a complete portrait: Singularly prominent front upper teeth; scar on left cheek; very light hair; squint; and lot beside.—Oh, he'll be nabbed, to a certainty.'

I put the placard in my pocket, and proceeded to Mary Sedley's cottage. As I journeyed, the marked description of the as yet uncaught robber dwelt on my mind. The reward was considerable, would be very welcome, even to me. Had I ever seen such? Mercy! It flashed across my mind. Yes, there could be no mistake: the account tallied to a nicety with the exterior, as I knew it formerly, of Mark Sedley. I was exceedingly startled, and stopped to think, when my attention was suddenly arrested, as follows:

I was in the "haunted field." On one side of me was a high bank, with a hedge at top. Above me, on the other side of this hedge, were evidently two people talking. I listened; for the circumstance was strange in that place and at that hour.

'You miserable magpie!' was growled in a manner which I knew well, though I had not heard it for years; 'I'm a good mind to pitch you over the hedge; you never-ending chatterer.'

'Indeed, Mark!' I heard Mary Sedley reply, 'I couldn't help it. I was dying—really dying for want of food.'

'Dying! you've always been dying,' grunted the scoundrel. 'What now? Snivelling? What! at seeing me, is it? when the sight ought to make you happier than any queen. Now, take care! I only say, TAKE CARE!'

'There, I have done. Now, Mark, I've ceased crying; but don't be harsh; I'm very weak. Well, well, never mind. Now just tell me about these things. To whom did you say I was to take them?'

'To a man named Isaac Levy, in Huk's Alley—just at the end of the town. You'll say you want to sell them, and he'll buy them. He'll ask no questions. To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, I'll come to you, and you'll have the money ready for me.'

'But, Mark! now, Mark! I don't want to be curious; I won't ask you again where the articles came from; but do tell me, where are you going to, and how long shall you be away this time; and, dear Mark, how am I to live?'

'How are you to live, eh? Look you, Mary, my love, if you bother me with any more questions, you sha'n't need to ask me again how you're to live. You go and do what you're told; that's enough for you. Now be off, double quick. And as for that old friend of yours, Mr. Jones, I'll square accounts with him all in good time. I'll cut his throat, Mary; you see if I don't.'

Then they seemed to separate. I watched about, and saw Mary enter her cottage. I followed her immediately. She screamed loudly.

'Oh, Mr. Jones!' she gasped, sinking into a chair; 'how you frightened me!'

'Mary Sedley,' I said, somewhat sternly, taking up a watch and other things which she had just laid on the table, 'where did these come from?'

'Oh, never mind! give them me. They are—'

'Mary, they are plunder; the fruits of

a highway robbery, and the robber was—'

'No, no, no!' she shrieked. 'I will not believe it!' she cried, divining my next speech.

'Now be calm, and let me tell you. I heard the greater part of what passed between you and your husband just now.—The man he named to you is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. And read this; and I handed her the placard.'

She read it.

'My God! this is worse than all,' she wailed. 'I have starved and suffered well nigh unto death; yes, almost to death, oh, thank Heaven! but this is terrible.'

'Now,' I resumed, 'there is but one course to be pursued. This ruffian has tortured you long enough. You must be released from him.'

'How?'

'How? Why, through the law. He will be transported for life for this offense.'

'But he is not in prison yet.'

'No; but he soon will be. He is coming here to-morrow night, you know, and I shall have the officers ready for him.'

'Ah, true,' she said, staring vacantly at me. 'I had forgotten. Yes; you would do that, of course.'

She seemed bewildered, and, having learned from her that she expected the old servant to return immediately, I thought it best to leave her.

As I passed from the cottage, I pondered her strange look, and lingered at a short distance. The door opened gently. I saw her come forth, look about, close the door, and then run in the direction of the "haunted field" at the top of her speed. The idea immediately occurred to me, 'She is seeking Sedley to warn him against coming to-morrow night.' I followed. It was perfectly dark, but her white dress enabled me to keep her in view. The field was reached. She wandered about, but found no one. She crossed again into the road, I still following as quietly as I could. Suddenly she stopped. She had come upon Sedley walking onward. She touched him on the back, and he sprang round with a cry of alarm and an oath.

'It is I, Mark—I, Mary. I've had such a run; I can hardly speak; I want to tell—'

'You've followed me, have you? Curse you, body and soul. There,' and he felled her to the earth.

'Mark, one word,' said the victim, in a voice but little above a whisper. 'It was to save—'

'What, you won't cease chattering?—There, and there,' and he kicked her as she lay. 'Now go home.'

Through the mouth of that murdering villain was uttered the most merciful injunction which had fallen upon poor Mary Sedley's ear for many a long day. 'Go home; and she went home—to God.'

Strong man as I am and was, I had turned sick at the first terrific blow, and before I could cry out, the second brutality had been committed. Then I shouted, and rushed forward. Sedley decamped, and I raised Mary, and ran with her, as quickly as I could, back to the cottage. The old servant was still absent. I laid the sufferer on her miserable couch, and leaned over her.

She was dead. Terribly reduced and enfeebled as she had been, the violence had completed the tragedy. She was at peace. Her effort to save her husband had resulted in bringing liberty to herself. I threw open the little window, and as I gazed at the bright stars above me I found myself again and again repeating—

'She is at peace. Thank God, she is gone home!'

The following night our Inspector of Police, one of his men, and I, set out from the town for the cottage. It was wretched. The snow fell fast, the wind blew, and the cold was piercing. We arrived. In the course of the day Mary Sedley had been placed in her humble coffin.

It was arranged that the constable should lie crouched under a hedge outside the cottage, while the Inspector and I should remain in the bedroom, so that Sedley might be fairly in the house at the time of his capture, which

Miscellaneous.

H. FRAZIER & SON,
DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

Queens-ware, Table-cutlery,

Coal Oil and Lamps, Nails, Shovels

BACON AND LARD,

Forks and Spades, Wood-ware, Smoking

and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars.

Stationary and Notions,

WINES AND LIQUORS,

With a variety of other goods, which call and examine.

June 6, 1866, bmo.

FINE CLOTHING.

W. S. CALDWELL,

Main St., SHELBYVILLE KY.,

OFFERS for sale at low prices a good Assortment of CLOTHING for Men and Boys all

Wool Cassimers,

Linen Drills,

Irish Linens,

Bleached and Brown Cottons,

Tailors Trimmings,

Shirts of best Qualities,

and at extra good bargains.

Linen and Cotton Drawers, Superior Article,

Linen and Paper Collars, Suspender,

Socks, Gloves, Umbrellas,

and a variety of notions.

HATS, A SPECIALTY.

—only as an examination of our Stock—

We buy our goods from the Manufacturers, and are

determined to sell as low as any house in the State—

You are specially invited to call and see if these things are true.

June 6 1866 Im.

JUST RECEIVED.

A new supply of clothing, which we can sell cheaper

than anybody.

CLOTH and CASSIMER SUITS.

PLAIN and FANCY,

CLOTH CASSIMERS, SILK,

MARSEILLES and SUMMER

VESTS.

LINEN, CHECK and HICKORY SHIRTS,

DRAWERS, HALF HOES, GLOVES, TIES,

SUSPENDERS, HANDKERCHIEFS,

COLLARS.

In a great variety, and everything usually found in a

first class

Gentlemen's Furnishing Store.

All of which we pledge ourselves to sell as low as the

lowest Louisville retail prices. Custom work

and cutting done in the latest style by first

class artists. Come and see for yourselves.

R. T. OWEN & CO

(ONE DOOR WEST OF T. C. McGRATH.)

June 6 1866.

SPLENDID STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I WISH TO SELL MY FARM, SITUATED

in the bend of Clear and Branches' creek, FIVE

MILES South-west from Shelbyville, and two miles

from either the Bardonia or Taylorsville turnpikes.

The tract contains 194 acres—120 acres in cul-

tivation, the balance timber and grass. Good Dwel-

ling House with six rooms, Good Kitchen

and out-buildings.

This is one of the best farms in Shelby, being nearly

all bottom land and very rich. Terms easy. Ap-

ply to the owner on the premises.

June 13, 1866—2m. JOHN COURTNEY.

\$1.500 PER YEAR! We

want agents every-

where to sell our Improved \$20 Sewing Ma-

chines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed.

Warranted five years. Above salary or large com-

mission paid. The only machines sold in United States

for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe,

Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co.,

and Wheeler. All other cheap machines are infringe-

ments and the seller or user is liable to arrest, fine, and

imprisonment. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address,

or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddford, Maine or Chi-

cago, Illinois.

June 13, 1866—4m.

A. ROTHCHILD,

741 N. STREET SHELBYVILLE, KY.

DEALER IN AND KEEPS CONSTANTLY

on hand a complete assortment of BOOTS and

SHOES, Eastern and Custom-made, CLOTHING,

HATS and CAPS.

Satisfaction can be given in goods and prices. Call

and examine before purchasing.

June 13, 1866—4m.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

ON LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, THERE

was taken from my pasture, a small black mare—very

heavy mane and foretop. No other marks remem-

bered. Any information concerning the mare thankfully

received by A. R. SCOTT, Shelbyville, Ky.

June 13, 1866—4-3w.

Now is Your Chance!

DUNCAN & THOMPSON

INFORM THE PEOPLE OF SHELBY THAT

they have a general agency for the sale of

Washing Machines, Churns, etc. They will

visit the people at their homes, and will supply the

various machines for which they are agents, at reason-

able prices.

June 13, 1866—4-1m.

COAL! COAL!!

BEST PITTSBURGH COAL furnished at 38 cts.

per bushel (WEIGHED).

June 6, 1866.

QUIN MORTON.

\$90 A MONTH!—AGENTS

wanted for sale of entirely new articles.

Send out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building,

Biddford, Me.

June 13, 1866—4-1m.

Miscellaneous:

J. T. HASTINGS. A. HOLLENBACH.

HASTINGS & HOLLENBACH,

CONFECTIONERS, GROCERS

DEALERS IN

FANCY GOODS

AND

NOTIONS.

North Side Main Street, Between 5th & 6th.

SHELBYVILLE, KY.,

WHERE can be found at all times, a large and

well selected stock of choice Goods, consisting

in part of

Assorted and

French

Candies,

Foreign

Fruits,

Nuts,

Cigars,

Tobacco,

Pipes,

Snuff,

Fancy

Groceries,

Coal Oil,

Syrups,

Flavoring

Extracts,

Wines,

Wooden &

Ware,

Stationary,

Perfumery,

Toilet Goods,

Soaps,

Walking Canes,

&c., &c., &c.,

AND various other goods embraced in our line

which we will sell for CASH as low as any house

in the trade.—Terms Cash.

June 6, 1866.

J. S. & H. H. CHURCHILL,

SHELBYVILLE, KY.

KEEP on hand and for sale the largest & best as-

sortment of

COOKING STOVES

IN THIS MARKET,

Which we will sell at Louisville retail prices, also a

full assortment of

TIN AND JAPANED WARE.

Ice Cream Freezers, Broad Toasters,

Preserving Kettles, Knife Boxes,

Toilet Sets, Spoon Boxes,

Bath Tubs, Pie Forks,

Muffin Bakers, Pie Forks,

Waffle Irons, Hollow Ware,

&c., &c., &c.

Agents for the sale of Marbleized Iron Man-

tiles and the celebrated

"Home Comfort" Cooking Stoves.

TERMS CASH.—Shop on Main street opposite

Redding Hotel.

J. S. & H. H. CHURCHILL.

June 6 1866, 11yr.

F. KRUEGER.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

At Mrs. R. Clays Old Stand.

Invites the attention of the Public to his Super-

ior Stock of Boots and Shoes, which he keeps

constantly on hand.

His Stock of Eastern work is selected with great

care and will give satisfaction. He would call special at-

tention to his Stock of Custom made work, which is

of the best material and done by competent workmen.

He solicits a share of public patronage, feeling assured

that he can give entire satisfaction in making fit and

style—call before purchasing elsewhere.

37 All goods, bought in the Store, ripping will be re-

paired without charge.

June 6, 1866.

W. LEWIS WHARTON, BAYLOR ALLEN, JAS. W. DAVIS,

Louisville, Ky. Shelby co., Ky. Shelby co., Ky.

WHARTON, ALLEN & DAVIS,

16 East-market Street, bet 1st and Brook,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

GROCERS, COMMISSION

MERCHANTS.

AND DEALERS IN

PRODUCE, FLOUR, BACON, LARD,

LINE, ETC.

June 6, 1866.

JONES & SMITH.

New Cash Store,

North Side of Main Street,

SHELBYVILLE KY.,

IS the place to get good bargains in Dry Goods,

of all kinds, a fine Stock of

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Clothing.

They have not advanced on GOODS, with the rise

elsewhere. The friends and public are respectfully in-

formed.

June 6 1866,

JONES & SMITH.

amo.

Science Hill

FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE EIGHTY-FOURTH SESSION

of this institution will open on Monday

Sept. 3d, 1866. Applications for

admission should be early and definite.

For Circulars and Catalogues apply to

MRS. JULIA A. TEVIS, Principal.

June 20, 1866—1m.

Local Items.

CORRECTION.—In noticing the Pic-nic at Taylor's Woods we did not intend to give a general invitation, as this is altogether in the hands of the Committee of Invitation.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—Col. Thomas B. Cochran of Louisville, will address the people of Shelby upon the political topics of the day, at the Court House in Shelbyville, next County Court day.

MUSIC.—We acknowledge the receipt of a requiem "In memory of the Confederate dead." It is from the enterprising Music Dealers, and Publishers, McCarrell & Meinenger, Louisville, Kentucky.

Stephen Cosgrove, formerly of this place was seriously but not dangerously injured in Louisville last Monday, by being thrown out of an express wagon, while the horses were running at full speed.

OUR TOWN.—The readers of the SENTINEL every where will thank "Eknay Leber" for his entertaining article. It affords us pleasure to state that frequent communications from his pen will add to the many other attractions of our paper.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The SENTINEL sends its regards and kindest wishes to the three Louisville Dailies, the Courier, Journal and Democrat for their appreciation of the SENTINEL, as evinced by a free exchange. May prosperity ever attend you.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—The first number of the sixth series of this valuable monthly has arrived. It is the oldest Agricultural publication in the U. S. The number before us, is well gotten up. Worthington & Lewis, Publishers, Baltimore, Maryland.

BASE BALL.—This game is exciting considerable interest at present. Our young men are not behind the times, but have organized a club and inform us that there will be played on their grounds in Lively's Woods a match game between the 1st and 2nd nines on next Friday at 3 1/2 p. m. The Ladies and Gentleman who wish to witness this most interesting athletic sport are invited to be present.

PERSONAL.—We acknowledge the receipt of a good letter from our friend Dr. W. A. Ryon. Not only did the letter bring us kind words of praise for the Sentinel, but something more substantial—viz: Greenbacks and names for our subscription list.

We would recommend Dr. Ryon, as a physician, to our friends in his part of the county. We will ever cherish his memory as one of those who, with God's blessing upon his efforts, snatched us from the jaws of death. His kindness, skillful and zealous care will ever be to us a pleasant reflection. Dr. Ryon is an excellent physician, and deserves success.

A NOTE OF THANKS.—We have so many friends who give us their aid and encouragement that it would be impossible to thank them all individually for their kindness to the Sentinel, but would especially return thanks to the following gentlemen for their efforts in obtaining subscriptions: Messrs. J. D. Smith, H. Frazier & Son, John T. Ballard, R. T. Owen & Co., Hastings and Hollenbach, Travis Wilson, and others, of Shelbyville. Mr. A. V. Weakly, of this county, has our thanks for a good list of subscribers. Gentlemen, one and all, we thank you, and will remember you kindly.

THE SHELBY FAIR.—The next Fair will begin Tuesday, August 28th, and continue four days. Monday, the day before the Fair begins, there will be eight trial rings on the trotting track of the Fair Grounds. Tuesday will be devoted to Domestic, Agricultural Implements, Sheep, Local Rings, Men's Equestrian Rings, &c. Wednesday—Thorough-bred Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Draft, Harness, Racking and Pacing Horses, &c. Thursday—Fine Horses, Jacks, Jennets, Ladies' Equestrian Rings, Horses for General Use, &c. Friday—Trotting Horses and Mares, Saddle Geldings and Mares, Saddle Stallions, Buggy Horses and Mares, Boys' Equestrian Ring, &c.

This is only a partial enumeration. Programmes containing full particulars will be shortly issued from this office.

HORSE THIEF.—From the Courier of Monday, we learn some particulars of the enterprising horse thief who visited our town last week, but who failed to make a trade, was arrested by parties from Carrollton. About half way between Carrollton and Shelbyville, and when passing through a deep bottom, the prisoner suddenly jumped out of the road into the woods, and ran as if for his life. Some of the guard gave chase, and pursued him about a quarter of a mile through the brush, but finding that he was escaping—having the advantage of having no cumbersome equipments on him—they fired several shots at him, one or two of which it was believed struck him. He managed to escape, however. The escaped thief was a well-dressed man, and sported a great deal of jewelry; among which, was a diamond neck-chain, a diamond ring, and a set of fine seals. He is believed to be the same man that was offering a fine horse for sale at several stables in Louisville on Friday last.

Business Notices,

NEW SUPPLIES.—It will be seen by the advertisement of Messrs. Gorham & Schooler, that they are in receipt of a fresh stock of Groceries. Mr. Gorham has just returned from Cincinnati where he bought very largely before the recent advance.

Silver Plated Castors, Cake and Card Baskets, Butter Dishes, Syrup Cups and Plated Goblets, Table-spoons and Forks, Framed Pictures, of different sizes, and many other articles are daily being sold for one dollar each, at the New Store of Messrs. Howell & Averill, in the parlor of the Redding Hotel.

THORNTON & ROGERS.—It will require no persuasion upon our part to induce our lady friends to deal with these gentlemen, when they visit Louisville. Their store, like the SENTINEL, is a popular institution, and no wonder when our old friend Ben, G. Rogers is one of the obliging firm.—Mr. Thornton is also highly esteemed as an obliging, energetic, and popular Merchant. These gentlemen are adding largely to their stock, and will sell goods at low rates.

MULDOON, BULLETT & Co.—The attention of our readers is called to the card of Muldoon, Bullett & Co., Italian Marble Manufacturers, Louisville, Ky. It is no undue praise to say, that in beauty and chasteness of design, as well as in style and finish of execution, their work is not excelled, and very rarely equalled, by that of any other establishment in America. In this opinion all visitors to our own beautiful Grove Hill Cemetery, and to Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville, will concur. In both these Cemeteries, as in others, the work of Muldoon, Bullett & Co., universally have the palm of commendation.

Their Studio and Work Shops are in Carrara, Italy, under the direction of the superior and unsurpassed sculptor, Mons. C. Bullett, one of the firm. Their Kentucky Office and Ware Room is in Louisville, to which we recommend all who desire to obtain mementoes to erect over the grave of departed loved ones, to apply. In such circumstances, we should always get the best; and Muldoon, Bullett & Co., are the persons to fill such orders.

MESSRS. HOWELL & AVERILL have opened a New Store in the parlor of the Redding Hotel, where they have on hand the largest stock of Silver-plated Ware, Framed Pictures, &c. ever brought to this market. They propose remaining permanently in this place, and will continually keep on hand an extensive assortment of everything pertaining to their line, which they will offer to the public on very reasonable terms. Although they prefer selling at private sale, the profit being much greater, the most of their goods are disposed of on a plan which, although it has long been in practice in most of the principal towns throughout the country,

Agricultural.

The Rinderpest.

This terrible scourge holds almost undisputed sway among the herds of Great Britain, so far as it has progressed. The latest reports give over 13,000 cases per week, as known by the government officers. The inoculation and other remedies prove ineffectual. Efforts to prevent its spread have been imperfect and weak, while the cupidty of some individuals, and the heedlessness and ignorance of others, has spread the seeds of the contagion far and wide. There was abundant knowledge in the country how to stop the disease, but their government was afraid to act with energy, and all that has been done is sheer trifling. In the year 1857, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, with the Agricultural Societies of Scotland and Ireland, and after receiving the co-operation of the Foreign Office of the Government, sent Professor Simonds, of the Royal Veterinary College, to the Continent to investigate this disease. The very fullest opportunities were afforded him, and he made an extended and valuable report. The conclusions at which he arrived are of especial interest to us now, that we, as a nation, are exactly in the same condition that England was then.

He found the disease restricted to comparatively narrow limits this side of the Steppes of Russia; from whence it occasionally escaped in the ordinary course of cattle traffic into Austria, Hungary, Galicia and Poland, where it usually, as they say, "stamped out"—being surrounded by a military cordon; and all traffic in cattle stopped within or without the district thus shut up from the rest of the world. This practice is so perfectly effectual where the disease is understood, that Mr. Simonds regarded it as entirely improbable that the disease would ever afflict the English farmer. He says: "That no fear need be entertained that this destructive pest will reach our shores. Its present great distance from us would of itself afford a fair amount of security; but when we add to this, that no cattle find their way thence to the English market; and that in the event of the disease spreading from Galicia, it would have to break through hundreds of military cordons, one after the other, before it could possibly reach the western side of the German States; and moreover, that for years past, commerce has been unrestricted, with regard to the importation of skins, hides, bones, etc., of cattle from Russia, and elsewhere, all alarm, we believe, may cease with reference to its introduction into the British Isles."

This is very instructive—showing us great danger—and warning us not to rest in fenced security, as did our brother farmers of England, until herd after herd is swept away. It does not prove that this cordon is not effective, but only that some carelessness allowed the escape of diseased animals, or in some way the transit of the disease from the countries where it was domesticated, to the coast, and to England. The fact remains that perfect isolation of the diseased and infected cattle, and all persons, animals, and things which have been in close proximity to them, or their excretions, is perfect security against the disease. And we want the Legislatures to empower the Executives of the different States to act with all power and promptness, should any case occur in this country, even to the using of the militia.—*American Agriculturist.*

BOILED PEAS FOR MILK COWS AND HOGS.—"Boiled peas," says a correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Farmer, "as food for milk cows, and for fattening hogs, is far superior to corn, meal or anything else I have ever seen tried. My honest opinion is, that two bushels of peas are far superior to, or worth more to fatten hogs, or to increase the milk of cows, than three bushels of corn applied to the same objects. In experimenting, have found that hogs not only fattened doubly as fast, but that the improvement of their general condition was in like proportion." "With respect to cows," he says, "the effect was, in ten days, to double the yield of milk. My plan in using them was to soak them in water twelve hours or through the night, before boiling them. By this process their bulk was doubled, and consequently they required less boiling. Besides this advantage, I found the soaked pea an excellent substitute for green food, having not only the effect on stock produced by turnips, carrots and beets, in improving their appetite, general appearance and milking properties, but imparts none of the bad taste to the milk which is often derived from the use of the green crops referred to. It was, moreover, found to exhibit fattening qualities almost equal to those of the *boiled pea*." He concludes by saying: "I regard the soaked pea for food in winter as decidedly superior to all root crops," and recommends that his "brother farmers should lose no time in testing its value in their own practice."

LET HORSES REST OCCASIONALLY.—We know a physician, in large practice, who is frequently compelled to drive his horses hard. He formerly drove the two together, and used them up in a few years. He now drives them singly, and as far as possible on alternate days. They are now, though working harder, invariably healthy and strong. He attributes this to the fact that if a hard drive strains any of their muscles, they have time to regain their tone the next day. Were the horses driven every day, a slight sprain would produce a little stiffness; the parts would rub against each other; inflammation would set in, and the horse be lame—perhaps incurably so. Farm horses are not so liable to injury in this respect, as those driven fast over hard roads. But a day's rest occasionally will help them materially. At all events, do not work them Sundays. Or if any are driven far to church, or for any pressing emergency, make it a rule and adhere to it scrupulously, to let such horses rest Saturdays or Mondays. Man and beast must rest one day in seven, or pay the penalty. Better work harder and rest longer.—*American Agriculturist.*

These three lines, being entirely original with the Editor, fill the column devoted to Agriculture.

Miscellaneous.

Jenks Tried for a Fenian.

FOUND GUILTY—SENTENCED TO BE GARROTTED—FULL PARTICULARS OF THE TRIAL.

BIDDLE STREET SEWER, June 10, 1866.

Fellow-Sinner.—Upward of some time having elapsed since you heard from me, you may have imagined that I went down the Falls of Niagara in the Fenian invasion; but I am happy to inform you that I shall appear upon the stage of life for "a few days longer." You who have had your fun at my expense, I now ask you to drop a tear upon my tomb-stone, which will be erected in the old City Cemetery as soon as the other graves are removed to make room for my corpse. I am now in limbo in the Biddle-street sewer. At first I was confined in Stachlin's beer-vault, but was removed by order of the Secretary of the Interior, for fear I would ferment a rebellion there and bring the British line to his bier. But I am getting ahead of my narrative, as the monkey said when the kangaroo snapped his tail off. Listen with tearful attention.

One night last week a friend invited me to go with him to Mose Hart's hall, somewhere in the Ninth Ward, and take a punch with him. I never refuse an invitation of that kind, but the only punch I got was a bat in the eye, mixed with the remark that I had an English spy-glass in my pocket. The papers of the next morning stated that a fracas had occurred at Mr. Mose Hart's hall between two Fenians, named O'Jenks and O'Rafferty.

While I was perusing this paragraph, sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Planters' House, which you know is opposite Conn's hat-store, a military looking gentleman of pleasing address tapped me lightly on the shoulder with a white satin glove and blandly inquired if my name was O'Jenks.

"All but the O," I replied.

"Are you certain that your name is not O'Jenks?"

"I used to be certain until I read this newspaper; now I'm in doubt, because I am positive the papers never lie. And since you mention it, I remember hearing my great-grandfather say that there was a tradition in the family to the effect that about the year 902 a man by the name of Esculapius Jenks was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, and remained there three days and nights, and that during his sojourn in that hospitable island the natives, by way of compliment, addressed him as Patrick O'Jenks. My grandfather tho't there was a remote possibility that he was descended from this Esculapius Jenks, or Patrick O'Jenks, and if so, I presume I may have in my veins about half a drop of the blood of that same individual."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear you say so my dear friend," said the stranger, with tears in his eyes, "for it now becomes my painful duty to read to you a little document, and to request you, whenever convenient, to drop in at the International Copyright Court, and answer to a charge herein set forth;" and he read me a document accusing me of being a Fenian conspirator, plotting the invasion of Newfoundland, &c., &c.

"Although it is my painful duty to serve this process upon you," said the polite stranger, "yet I will say in confidence, that if you really contemplate making a raid into Newfoundland, a through train starts at 12 o'clock to-night, and you can get a free ticket at the depot."

Without waiting for my reply, the officer took me by the left arm and led me into John King's house, where some further confidential conversation ensued.

The next morning I went into the court room and was put on trial for violating the neutrality laws. My old friends, Oxfox and Ben Gall were there on a similar charge. Ben Gall was made a witness against me.

TESTIMONY OF BEN GALL.

Q. Do you know O'Jenks?

A. O who?

Q. O'Jenks.

A. Yes, I am slightly acquainted with him.

Q. How long?

A. About five feet ten at breakfast, but fully six feet about lunch time.

Q. I mean for what period of time have you known him?

A. Since the year of the Convention. I cut his acquaintance after he took the test oath.

Q. Did you hear him make a speech at Cahokia on Tuesday night? if so, relate, verbatim, et literatem, et punctuatum, et spellatam, precisely what he said, and imitate his manner, actions, and gestures.

A. He first sat on a cotton-wood stump, with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting upon the palms of his hands. Gazing into the crystal depths of the Mississippi, he said: "Romans, countrymen, and funny ones; if to love the blue eyes of Eren's fair daughters; if to have a weakness for Irish whiskey; if to hate being bored by a bull named John; if to have been with Sherman to see the contrabands; I say, if this be treason, I am a traitor, and the Executive Attorney can put that in his pipe and smoke it. He then drew from his vest pocket a round quart bottle and poured the contents into a hole.

Q. What sort of a hole?

A. I think it was a rat-hole, for it could not be filled.

Q. Did you hear him use this expression, "I intend to walk into Canada," or anything like it?

A. Yes; he said there was a fellow named Kennedy who had tied a tin pan to the tail of his black and tan, and the first chance he got he would walk into Kennedy like a thousand bricks.

Q. Mr. Ben Gall, are you a Fenian?

A. I am, every inch of me, and so was my mother before me, and so were all my aunt's sisters.

Q. Which wing do you belong to?

A. To the wing that flies fastest at the throat of the tyrant.

Q. Did you contribute any gunboats for the invasion of Canada?

A. I gave Tim McComical a pair of brogues.

Q. Are you any relation of General Sweeney?

A. He is my stepfather. He learned me to keep step down here at the arsenal.

Q. Is your mother's sister's first cousin's brother a Fenian?

A. I decline to answer, as it might implicate my grandmother's half-brother's uncle's son-in-law.

Judge—You are entitled to the protection of the court, and will not be questioned any further.

Oxfox was not sworn, but he said he did not know anything about the Finnigans, and never heard of O'Jenks in his life.

Upon this testimony I was condemned to be garrotted, and two of the Fenian Sisterhood were selected as executioners. When I am dead and gone, I shall send you a lock of my hair. Till then, I remain yours, Fenianly, JENKS.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—The last day of our Circuit Court exhibited says the Morgantown (Ohio) Post, a scene the like of which has never been witnessed in our country before, and which, it is to be hoped, may never be witnessed again. It occurred in the matter of the *habeas corpus* granted at the instance of Clark Everly against his wife, for the rendition of a child born to the parties prior to their separation.

Saturday last was consumed in the examination of witnesses touching the character of the husband and his fitness for the custody of the child. It was a very interesting babe, only about fourteen months old, and called forth the warmest sympathies of the by-standers.

The mother resisted the application on the ground that her husband had voluntarily abandoned her shortly after the child was born, and left her at the house of her father, (James Lazell, of this county), and had made no provision for her maintenance since that time (about one year ago), and that the child was of delicate health, and of such tender years that it required that attention and care which a mother alone could bestow.

But the Court gave judgment that she should deliver the child to the father.

It was then that a scene occurred that beggars description. The mother pressed her infant to her breast, and clung with all the tenacity of life to the object of all her fond hopes. Her loud sobs and agonizing shrieks sent such a thrill of sorrow to the hearts of the bystanders as only the voice of woman in distress can impart. The husband endeavored to wrest it from her arms, but could not do it, when the Sheriff stepped forward to carry out the order of the Court, and succeeded in obtaining the child. The loud cries of the mother thus doubly widowed were heard several squares from the Court-house and she was led away.

A YOUNG LADY PAPER-EATER.—A young lady of this city while at school contracted a bad habit, which she now finds it impossible to break off—that of chewing paper. Her parents buy it for her by the ream, and she consumes on an average a quire per week, rolling her paper ball under her tongue as a sweet morsel, and squirting the saliva about like an old salt. She is quite a connoisseur in the matter of paper, and evinces a decided preference for a certain pale blue unruled foolscap, which smells badly. Deprived of her paper for a day or two, she becomes restless, distrait and melancholy; refuses to eat or be comforted, and is not herself till a fresh supply is procured. "How is Miss—" we inquired of a female friend the other day. "Not well," was the reply, "her paper doesn't agree with her."

We have heard of opium eating, snuff eating, arsenic eating, and pencil eating; among the female fraternity, but we believe this is the first instance of paper eating that has come under our knowledge. If the young lady knew how paper is made, we think she would make an extraordinary effort to break off the pernicious habit. In the hope that this article may pass beneath her eye, we suggest some of the materials which, in the course of a month of paper eating, are reduced to pulp between her pretty teeth: Bandages from sore legs, rags from the gutter, cotton diapers, shirts, and all sorts of miscellaneous odds and ends. Bah! If that does not effect a reformation, she is incorrigible.

LEARN TO "SPOUT."—This is the first advice that a female whale gives its young, and it is just the advice every American mother should give her boys. In no country in the world is there such a field for off-hand speakers to operate in as in the United States. A man capable of stirring up a multitude at a mass meeting can reach any office in the gift of the people, beginning with Comptroller of Poultry and leaving off with the Presidency. In the present Congress there are fifty-six Senators; forty-three of whom are or have been lawyers, leaving only thirteen for other professions. Now, why is this? Why should twenty thousand lawyers have eight times as many representatives in the Senate as the whole twenty-five millions of other people? For no other reason in the world than that lawyers are good speakers. But why should good speakers be limited to one profession? We know not a single good reason.

Every school should have a declamation club connected with it. Boys of all classes should be initiated into the art and mystery of persuasion. With early training the farmer and mechanic would become as successful "on the stump" as gentleman who consume their oil in pouring over Coke and Littleton. To be a good speaker, all that is required is a first class memory and a little manly confidence. The former can be acquired by practice at any time; the latter, however, can only be obtained by "breaking the ice" during our school-boy days. Again we say, "learn to spout."

A SILENT VICTORY.—Time is a mighty conqueror! This fact is forcibly illustrated in the present erection of a Jewish synagogue in Canterbury, England, on the site of the ancient house of the redoubted "Knights Templar," once the unrelenting foes of the Israelites, but now themselves swept from the face of the earth. A striking fulfillment of the prophecy respecting this ancient people, that they shall yet possess the gates of their enemies.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Old Boge was a miserly old fellow, who had accumulated great wealth by long-life penuriousness. But even misers have to die some time, and old Boge was at length called upon to pay that debt which all must pay, and which is paid as easily by the man who hasn't a cent as by the possessor of millions.

Old Boge was sick unto death, finding a partial recompense in his sufferings from the reflection that he could not eat anything, something was being saved. His physician told him that his end was rapidly approaching, and as he felt within himself that he was rapidly approaching his end it was evident to old Boge that he must meet his end very soon.

"How long have I to live?" asked old Boge, in a faint voice.

"Only half an hour," said the physician, taking out his watch in a business manner, and added, "is there any one you would like to send for—a clergyman, for instance?"

Old Boge mused in a lethargic way for a moment, then started up as with a sudden thought, raised his feeble hand and felt of his emaciated chin, upon which two weeks growth of grey and stubbled beard had grown, then whispered hurriedly—"quick—bring me—bring me—a barber."

The barber came with his kit, and old Boge said, in a voice that was rapidly growing weaker:

"You—charge—ten cents—to—shave—live men?"

"Yes, that is our price," replied the barber.

"What—you charge—to—shave—dead men?"

"One dollar," said the barber, wondering what he meant.

"Then—shave—me—quick," said old Boge, nervously eyeing the watch which the doctor held in his hand. He was too weak to speak further, but the doctor interpreted aright the question that was in his eyes.

"Fifteen minutes," replied the doctor.

Old Boge made a feeble motion as with a lather brush, and the barber was at his work in a jiffy. He performed his task with neatness and despatch, and although the sick man had several sinking spells of an alarming nature, yet he bore up to the end. When the last stroke of the razor was given, old Boge whispered in tones of satisfaction: "That'll do—ninety—cents—saved;" and immediately expired.

THE WANDERING JEW.—The legend of the Jew ever wandering, and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself at the gate of the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sallied forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying:—"I shall rest; but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Mathew of Paris, a monk of the sixteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartaffius, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying:—"Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place; in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is that, after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors allude to this wanderer. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was full of pious frauds, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew!"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—We were travelling through Canada, and after a long day's ride stopped at an inn, where the passengers were soon gathered around the cheerful fire. We observed an ill-looking cur among the occupants of the room, who had shown his wit by quattering in so comfortable an apartment. In a few moments the landlord entered, and observing the canine specimen, remarked: "Fine dog, that! Is he yours sir?" speaking to the second. "No," was the blunt reply. "Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?" "No," was again responded. "Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?" No, he don't!" was the reply. "Then he is yours, and you have a treasure," (throwing the animal a cracker) "He is not mine." "Oh! (with a smile) he belongs to you as a matter of course?" addressing himself to the last passenger. "Wouldn't have him as a gift!" "Then, you infernal, mean, contemptible whelp, get out!" And thereupon the landlord gave the poor dog such a kick as sent the cowering animal yelping into the street, amid the laughter of the company.

"Don't lay in that posture, dear," said Mrs. Partington to Ike, who was stretched upon a sofa, with his heels a foot or two higher than his head. "Don't lay so; raise yourself up and put this pillow under you. I knew a young man once who had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of laying so—his brains all run into his head!" and with this admonition she left him to his nap in the little back sitting room.

Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "I have!" shouted a six-year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "On the elephant!" was the reply.

Cardinal Wiseman's dying words were "Well, here I am at last, like a child from school, going home for the holidays."

A white man and a negro were hung at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 1st inst., for murder.



NEW
DRUG STORE.

P. & S. H. Ellingwood have just opened from the most reliable New York houses a complete stock of pure and undiluted

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Wines, Brandies, Liqueurs.

Our former experience as druggists, together with the care, attention, and promptness, we shall devote to this branch of our business, we intend shall make our house second to none in the State. We shall also keep constantly on hand.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye stuffs, Patent Medicines, Syringes, Sponges, Trusses, Shockers Braces, Abdominal Supporters, Breast Pumps, Breast Pumps, Shells and Snails, Nursing Bottles, Nipples.

Together with complete selections of the very best PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND COSMETICS.

And all articles usually kept by Druggists of the most approved kind and patterns.

OUR CHINA STORE



Six years ago was an experiment, but nurtured by the patronage of a generous community and by our own industry, it now offers for sale a larger and better assortment than ever, at greatly reduced prices:

China Ware, Glass Ware, Granite Ware, Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Scissors, Looking Glasses, Combs, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Toilets Sets, Spectacles.

Wall Papers, Window Shades, Buff Holland, Oil Cloths, Fancy Goods, Stationery, Toys, Tea Trays, Coffee Mills, Breakers of all kinds, Picture Frames, Picture Hangings, Lamps, Ladies Baskets.

Confiding in its own merits, the beauty of its selections, and the good taste of the community, will continue to keep on hand handsome assortments, and will receive every few weeks new selections and styles, from the most reliable jewelers in America. In front of our Store we have placed a

Plated Ware, Wall Paper, Window Shades and Table Oil Cloth.

To Good Goods and Good Bargains,

In all Cases,

and in every branch of our business, in prices, in quality, and in our representations, we shall endeavor to deserve continued patronage.

COAL OIL,

We shall continue to sell the very best at the lowest prices.

P. & S. H. ELLINGWOOD.

June 6, 1866.

To full assortments of China, Granite, Glass and Plated Ware.

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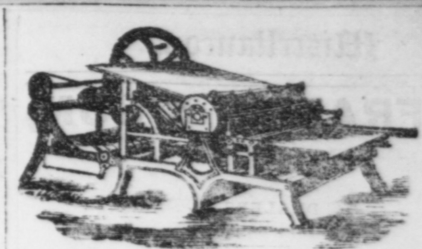
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THE SENTINEL OFFICE

IS ONE OF THE

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WE DEFY COMPETITION.